

THE KING AND QUEEN
24*5

Vikram

You women sit in the
seclusion of
your hearts and only love.
You do
not know how the roaring
torrent of
the world passes by, and
we men
are carried away in its waves
in all
directions. With your sad, big
eyes,
filled with tears, you sit and
watch,
clinging to flimsy hope. But
learn
to despair, my child.

Ila

Tell me the truth, King. Do
not
deceive me. I am so very
little and
so trivial. But I am all his
own.
Where,—in what homeless
wilds,—is
my lover roaming ? I will go to
seek
him,—I, who never have been
out of
my house. Show me the way,;

Vikram

His enemy's soldiers are
after him,—
he is doomed.